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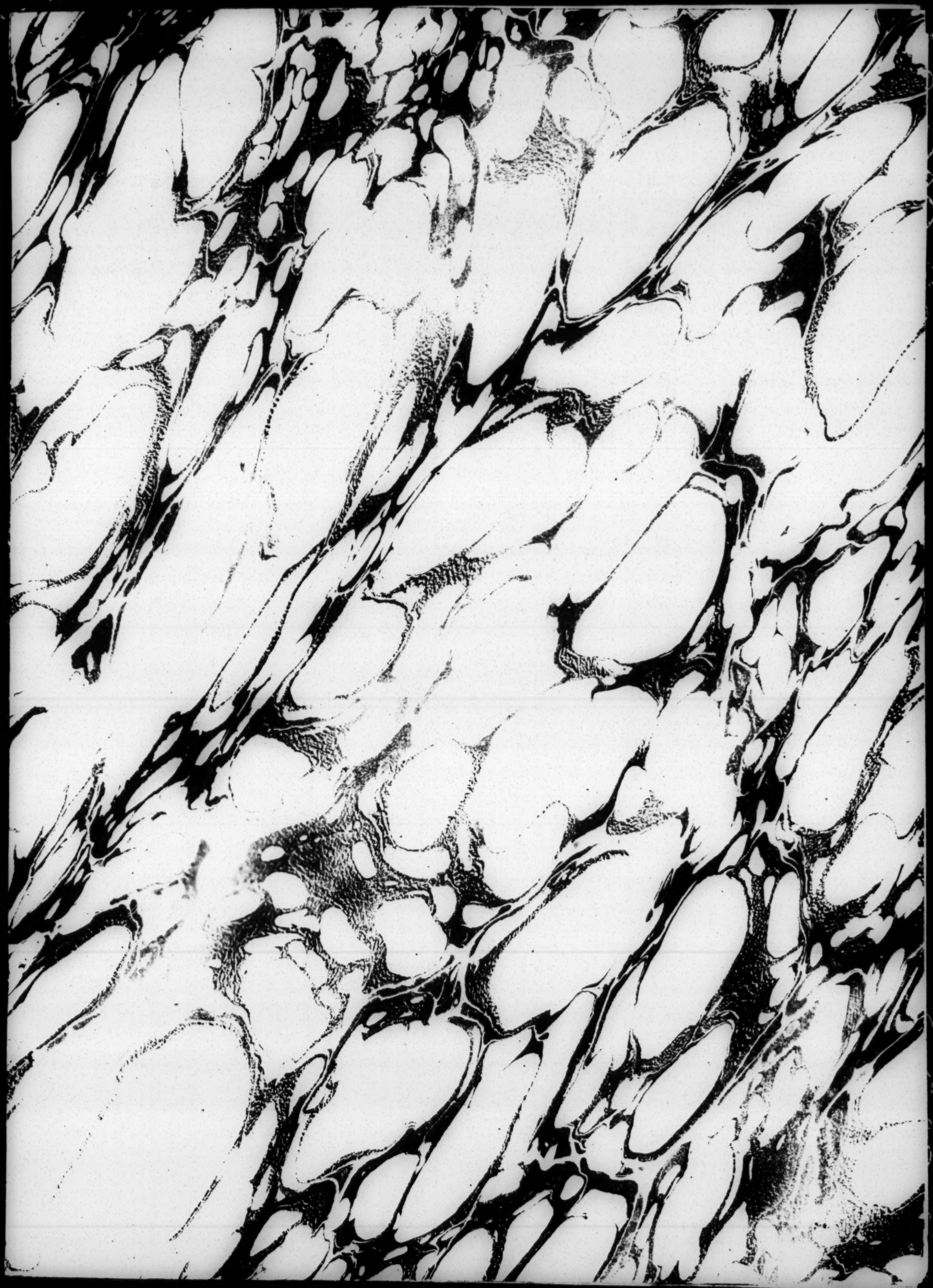

A Adv 113

STC 543

Heir beginnis the taill of Rauf coilzear how he harbzeit King charlis

Imprentit at Sanctandrois be Robert Lekprouik. Anno. 1572.

In the cheiftyme of Charlis that cholin Chiftane
Thair fell ane ferlyfull flam within thay fellis wyde
Quhair Empȝeouris and Erlis, and vther mony ane
Turnit fra Sanct Thomas befoir the Zule tyde
Thay paſt vnto Paris thay pȝoudeſt in pane
With mony Pȝelatis & Pȝincis that was of mekle pȝyde
All thay went with the King to his worthy wane
Ouir the feildis ſa fair thay fure be his ſyde
All the worthieſt went in the morning
Baith Dukis and Duchepeiris
Barrounis and Bacheleiris Of town with the King.
Mony ſtout man ſteiris

And as that Ryall raid ouir the rude mure
Him betyde ane tempeſt that tyme hard I tell
The wind blew out of the Eiſt ſtiflie and ſure
The deip durandlie dȝaif in mony deip dell
Sa feirflie fra the Firmament ſa fellounlie it fure
Thair micht na folk hald na fute on the heich fell
In point thay war to pariſche thay pȝoudeſt men and pure
In thay wickit wedderis thair wiſt nane to dwell
Amang thay myrk Montanis ſa madlie thay mer
Be it was pȝyme of the day
Sa wonder hard fure thay And ſperpellit full fey.
That ilk ane tuik ane ſeir way

Ithand wedderis of the eiſt dȝaik on ſa faſt
It all to blaiſterit and blew that thairin baid
Be thay diſſeuerit ſindȝie midnȝne was paſt
Thair wiſt na Knicht of ye Court quhat way ye King raid
He ſaw thair was na better bot God at the laſt
His ſteid aganis the ſtȝome ſtalwartlie ſtraid
He Cachit fra the Court ſic was his awin caſt
Quhair na body was him about be fiue mylis bȝaid

Adv. Bib.

In thay Montanis I wis he wor all will
In wickit wedderis and wicht
Amang thay Montanis on hicht The King lykit ill
Be that it drew to the nicht

Quilllykand was the King it nichtit him sa lait
And he na harberie had for his behufe
Sa come thair ane cant Carll chachand the gait
With ane Capill and twa Creillis cuplit abute
The King carpit to the Carll withoutin debait
Schir tell me thy richt name for the Rude lufe
He sayis men callis me Rauf Coilzear as I weill wait
I leid my life in this land with mekle vnrufe
Baith tyde and time in all my trauale
Hine our seruin mylis I dwell
And leidis Coilis to sell All the suith hale.
Sen thow speiris I the tell

Sa mot I thrife said the King I speir for nane ill
Thow semis ane nobill fallow thy answer is sa fyne
Forsuith said the Coilzear trauist quhen thow will
For I trow and it be nocht swa sumpart salbe thyne
Mary God forbid said the King that war bot lytill skill
Baith my self and my hors is reddy for to tyne
I pray the bring me to sum rest the wedder is sa schill
For I defend that we fall in ony fechtine
I had mekill mair nait sum freindschip to find
And gif thow can better than I
For the name of Sanct July And leif me not behind.
Thow bring me to sum harbery

I wait na worthie harberie heir neir hand
For to serue sic ane man as me thinis the
Nane bot mine awin hous maist in this land

Fer

Fer furth in the Forest amang the fellis hie
With thy thow wald be payit of sic as thow fand
Forsuith thow suld be wel cumto pas hame with me
Or ony vther gude fallow that I heir fand
Walkand will of his way as me think the
For the wedderis ar fa fell that fallis on the feild
The King was blyth quhair he raid
Of the grant that he had maid Schir God zow forzeild.
Sayand with hart glaid

Na thank me not ouir airlie for dreid that we threip
For I haue seruit the zit of lytill thing to ruse
For nouther hes thow had of me hyre drink nor meit
Nor nane vther eisumentis for trauellouris behuse
Bot micht we bring this harberie this nicht weill to heip
That we micht with ressoun baith thus excuse
To morne on the morning quhen thow sall on leip
Wyse at the parting how that thow dois
For first to lofe and syne to lak Peter, it is schame
The King said in gude fay
Schir it is suith that ze say Quhill thay war neir hame.
Into lic talk fell thay

¶ To the Coilzearis hous baith or thay wald blin
The Carll had Cunning weill quhair the gait lay
Undo the dure beliue Dame art thow in
Quby Deuill makis thow na dule for this euill day
For my Gaist and I baith cheueris with the chin
Sa fell ane wedder feld I neuer be my gude fay
The gude wyse glaid with the gle to begin
For durst scho neuer sit sūmoundis that scho hard him say
The Carll was wantoū of word and wor wonder wraith
All abaisit for blame
To the dure went our Dame And zour Gaist baith.
Scho said Schir ze ar welcome hame

Dame I haue dair coſt all this dayis hyre
Ju wickit wedderis and weit walkand full will
Dame wyith I am cūmin hame and kendill on ane fyre
I trow our Gaiſt be the gait hes farne alsill
Ane Kyall ruſe het fyre war my deſyre
To fair the better for his faik gif we micht win thair till
Knap doun Capounis of the beſt but in the byre
Heir is bot hamelie fair do beliue Gill
Twa cant knaifis of his awin haiſtelie he bad
The ane of zow my Capill ta
The vther his Courſour alſwa Thā was ye King glaid
To the ſtabill ſwyith ze ga

The Coilzear gudlie in feir tuke him be the hand
And put him befoir him as reſſoun had beine
Nuhen thay come to the dure the King begouth to ſtand
To put the Coilzear in befoir maid him to inene
He ſaid thow art vncourtes that ſall I warrand
He tyt the King be the nek twa part in tene
Gif thow at bidding ſuld be boun or obeyſand
And gif thow of Courtaſie couth thow hes forzet it clene
Now is anis ſaid the Coilzear kynd aucht to creip
Sen ellis thow art vnknawin
To mak me Lord of my awin Begin we to thzeip.
Sa mot I thziue I am thzawin

Than benwart thay zeid quhair brandis was bricht
To ane bricht brymand fyre as the Carll bad
He callit on Gyliane his wyfe thair Supper to dicht
Of the beſt that thair is help that we had
Eftir ane euill day to haue ane mirrie nicht
For ſa troublit with ſtormis was I neuer ſtad
Of ilk airt of the Eiſt ſa laithly it laid
Zit was I mekle wullar than

Quhen-

Quhē I met with this man Quhill ye ſupper was graid.
Of ſic taillis thay began

¶ Done was the Supper dicht and the fyre bet
And thay had weſchin I wis the worthieſt was thair
Tak my wyfe be the hand in feir withoutin let
And gang begin the buird ſaid the Coilzear
That war vnſemand forſuith and thy ſelf vnſet
The king profferit him to gang and maid ane ſtrange fair
Now is twyſe ſaid the Carll me think thow hes forzet
He leit gyrd to the king withoutin ony mair
And hit him vnder the eir with his richt hand
Quhill he ſtakkerit thair with all
Half the breid of the hall Quhill he the eird fand.
He faind neuer of ane fall

¶ He ſtart vp ſtoutly agane vneis micht he ſtand
For anger of that outray that he had thair tane
He callit on Gyliane his wyfe ga tak him be the hand
And gang agane to the buird quhair ze ſuld air haue gane
Schir thow art vnſailfull and that ſall I warrand
Thow vyrd to haue nurtour aneuch and thow hes nane
Thow hes walkit I wis in mony wyld land
The mair vertew thow ſuld haue to keip the fra blame
Thow ſuld be courtes of kynd and ane cumand Courteir
Thocht that I ſimpill be
Do as I bid the And all that is heir.
The hous is myne pardie

¶ The king ſaid to him ſelf this is ane euill lyfe
Zit was I neuer in my lyfe thus gait leird
And I haue oft tymes bene quhair gude hes bene ryfe
That maiſt couth of courtaſie in this Criſtin eird
Is nane ſa gude as leif of and mak na mair ſtryfe

For I am stonischit at this straik that hes me thus steird
In feir fairlie he foundis with the gude wyfe
Quhair the Coilzear bad sa braithli e he beird
Quhen he had done his bidding as him gude thocht
Doun he sat the King neir
And maid him glaid a gude cheir Behin yat me mocht
And said ze ar wekum heir

¶ Quhen thay war seruit and set to the Suppar
Gyll and the gentill King Charlis of micht
Syne on the tother syde sat the Coilzear
Thus war thay marschellit but mair a matchit that nicht
Thay brocht breid to the buird and braun of ane bair
And the worthyest wyne went vpon hicht
Thay Beirnis as I wene thay had aneuch thair
Within that burelie bigging bryniand full bricht
Syne enteris thair dayntes on deis dicht dayntelie
Within that worthie wane
Forsuith wantit thay nane Schir dois gaid dim
With ölyich cheir sayis Gyliane

¶ The Carll carpit to the King cumlie and cleir
Schir the Forestaris forsuith of this Forest
Thay haue me all at Inuy for dreid of the Deir
Thay threw that I chrung doun of the fattest
Thay say I tall to Paris thair to compeir
Befoir our cumlie King in dule to be dreist
Sic unmansing thay me mak forsuith ilk zeir
And zit aneucy sall I haue for me and ane Gest
Thairfoir sic as thow sees spend on and not spair
Thus said gentill Charlis the Wane
To the Coilzear agane Sum tyme of ile fair.
The King him self hes bene fane

¶ Of Capounis and Cūningis thay had plentie

with

With wyne at thair will and eik Wennysoun
[illegible] to byrd the best that may be
Thus full freschlie thay fure into fusioun
The Carll with ane cleir voce carpit on he
Said Gyll lat the cop rank for my bennysoun
And gar our Gaist begin and syne drink thow to me
Sen he is ane stranger me thinks it ressoun
Thay drank dreichlie about thay wosche and thay rais
The King with ane blyith cheir
Thankit the Coilzeir To the fyre gais.
Syne all the tyre into feir

Quhen thay had maid thame eis the Coilzear tald
Mony sindrie taillis efter Suppair
Ane bucht bynand fyre was bynand full bald
The King held gude countenance and company bair
And euer to his asking ane answer he zald
Quhill at the last he began to frane farther mair
In faith freind I wald wit tell gif ze wald
Quhair is thy maist wynning said the Coilzear
Out of weir said the King I wayndit neuer to tell
With my Lady the Quene
In office maist haue I bene In the Court for to dwell.
All thir zeiris fyftene

Quhat kin office art thow in quhen thow art at hame
Gif thow dwellis with the Quene proudest in pane,
Ane Chyld of hir Chalmer Schir be Sanct Jame
And thocht my self it say maist inwart of ane
For my dwelling to nicht I dreid me for blame
Quhat sal I cal ȳ said ȳ coilzear quhē thow art hyne gane
Wymond of the Wardrop is my richt Name
Quhair euer thow findis me befoir the yi harberie is tane
And thow will cum to the Court this I vnderta

Thow ſall haue for thy Fewaill
For my ſaik the better ſaill Worth ane laid or twa.
And onwart to thy trauaill

The ſaid I haue na knawledge quhair the Court lyis
And I am wonder wa to cum quhair I am vnkend
And I ſall ſay thee the ſuith on ilk ſyde I wis
That thow ſall wit weill aneuch or I fra the wend
Baith the King and the Quene meitis in Paris
For to hald thair Zule togidder, for ſcho is efter ſend
Thair may thow ſell be reſſoun ais deir as thow will prys
And zit I ſall help the, gif I ocht may amend
For I am knawin with Officiaris in cais thow cum thair
Haue gude thocht on my Name
And ſpeir gif I be at hame Thow ſall the better fair.
For I ſuppois be Sanct Jame

We think it reſſoun be the Rude that I do thy rid
In cais I cum to the Court, and knaw bot the aue
Is nane ſa gude as drink and gang to our bed
For ais far as I wait the nicht is furth gane
To ane preuie Chalmer belyue thay him led
Quhair ane burely bed was wrocht in that wane
Cloſit with Courtingis and cumlie cled
Of the worthieſt wyne wantit thay nane
The Collzear and his wyfe baith with him thay zeid
To ſerue him all at thay mocht
Till he was in bed brocht Bot thankit pame yair deid.
Wair the King ſpak nocht

Upon the morne airlie quhen it was day
The King buſkit him ſone with ſcant of Squyary
Wachis and Wardroparis all war away
That war wont for to walkin mony worthy

Ane

Ane Pawyot preuilie brocht him his Palfray
The King thocht lang of this lyfe, and lap on in hy
Than callit he on the Carll, anent quhair he lay
For to tak his leif, than spak he freindly
Than walkinnit thay baith and hard he was thair
The Carll start vp sone
And prayit him to abyde none I rid nocht ze fair.
Quhill thir wickit wedderis be done

Sa mot I thrive said the King me war laith to byde
Is not the morne Zule day formest of the zeir
Ane man that Office suld beir be tyme at this tyde
He will be found in his fault that wantis forouttin weir
I se the Firmament fair vpon ather syde
I will returne to the Court quhill the wedder is cleir
Call furth the gude wyte lat pay hir or we ryde
For the worthie harberie that I hane fundin heir
Lat be God forbid the Coilzear said
And thow of Charlis cumpany
Cheif King of Cheualry Pay suld be laid.
That for ane nichtis harbery

Zea sen it is sa that thow will haue na pay
Cum the morne to the Court and do my counsall
Deliuer the and bring ane laid and mak na delay
Chow may not schame with thy craft, gif thow thriue sall
Gif I may help the ocht to sell forsuith I sall assay
And als my self wald haue sum of the Fewall
Peter he said I sall preif the morne gif I may
To bring Cotilis to the Court to se gu thay sell sall
He that thow let nocht I pray the said the King
In faith said the Coilzear
Traist weill I salbe thair To mak ane lesing.
For thow will neuer gif the mair

Bot tell me now lelely quhat is thy richt name
I will forzet the mozne and ony man me greif
Wymond of the Wardzop I bid not to lane
Tak gude tent to my name the Court gif thow will pzeif
That I haue said I call hald and that I tell the plane
Quhair ony Coilzear may enchaip I trow till encheif
Quhen he had grantit him to cum than was the king fane
And withoutin ony mair let than he tuke his leif
Than the Coilzear had greit thocht on the cũnand he had
Went to the Charcoill ilk by (maid
To mak his Chaufftay reddy He ozdanit him ane laid.
Agane the mozne airly

The lyft lemit vp beliue and licht was the day
The King had greit knawledge the countrie to ken
Schir Rolland and Oliuer come rydand the way
With thame ane thousand and ma of fensabill men
War wanderand all the nicht ouir a mony ma than thay
On ilk airt outwart war ozdanit sic ten
Gif thay micht heir of the King oz happin quhair he lay
To Jesus Chzist thay pzay that grace thame to len
Als sone as Schir Rolland saw it was the King
He kneilit doun in the place
Thankand God ane greit space At that gaddering.
Thair was ane meting of grace

The gentill Knicht Schir Rolland he kneilit on his knee
Thankand greit God, that mekill was of micht
Schir Oliuer at his hand and Bischoppis thze
Withoutin cõmounis that come, and mony vther Knicht
Than to Paris thay pas all that Cheualrie
Betuix none of the day and Zule nicht
The gentill Bischop Turpine cummand thay se
Wity thzettie Conuent of Pzeistis reuest at ane sicht
Pzeichand

Preichand of Prophecie in Processoun
Efter thame baith fer and neir
Folkis following in feir Thair Lord was gane to toun
Thankand God with gude cheir

¶ Quhen thay Princis appeirit into Paris
Ilk Rew Kyallie with riches thame arrayis
Thair was Digne seruice done at Sanct Dyonys
With mony proud Prelat as the buik sayis
Syne to Supper thay went within the Palys
Befoir that mirthfull man menstrallis playis
Mony wicht wy.is sone worthie and wise
Was sene at that semblay ane and twentie dayis
With all kin principall plentie for his plesance
Thay callit it the best Zule than
And maist worthie began Or euer was in France.
Sen euer King Charlis was man

¶ Than vpon the morne airlie quhen the day dew
The Coilzear had greit thocht quhat he had vndertane
He kest twa Creillis on ane Capill with Coullis' anew
Wandit thame with widdeis to wend on that wane
Mary it is not my counsall bot zone man that ze knew
To do zow in his gentrise said Gyliane
Thow gaif him ane outragious blaw & greit boist blew
In faith thow suld haue bocht it deir & he had bene aliane
For thy hald zow fra the Court for ocht that may be
Zone man that thow outrayd
Is not sa simpill as he said That sall thow heir and se
Thairun my lyfe dar I layd

¶ Zea Dame haue nane dreid of my lyfe to day
Lat me wirk as I will the weird is mine awin
I spak not out of ressoun, the suith gif I sall say

To Wymond of the wardrop war the sulth knawin
That I haue hecht I sall hald happin as it may
Quhidder sa it gang to greif or to gawin
He caucht twa Creillis on ane capill, & catchit on his way
Our the Daillis sa derf be the day was dawin
The hie way to Paris in all that he mocht
With ane quhip in his hand
Cantlie on cheyand To the Court socht.
To fulfill his cunnand

¶ Graith thocht of the grant had the gude King
And callit Schir Rolland him till and gaif cõmandment
Ane man he traistit in maist atour all vther thing
That neuer wald set him on assay withoutin his assent
Tak thy hors and thy harnes in the morning
For to watche weill the wayis I wald that thow went
Gif thow meitis ony lard lent on the ling
Gar thame boun to this Burgh, I tell the mine Intent
Or gif thow seis ony man cumming furth the way
Quhat sumeuer that he be
Bring hi n hastely to me In this hall the day.
Befoir none that I him se

¶ Schir Rolland had greit ferly, and in hart kest
Quhat that suld betasin that the King tald
Upon Solempnit Zule day quhen vll man suld rest
That him behouit meidlingis to watche on the wald
Quhen his God to serue he suld haue him drest
And syne with ane blyith cheir buskit that bald
Out of Paris proudly he preikit full prest
Intill his harnes all haill his hechtis for to hald
He vmbekest the countrie out with the toun
Ha saw nathing on steir
Nouther fer nor neir Daillis and doun.
Bot the feildis in feir

He

¶ He huit and he houerit, quhill midmorne and mair
Behaldand the hie hillis and passage sa plane
Sa saw he quhair the Coilzear come with all his fair
With twa Creillis on ane Capill thairof was he fane
He followit to him haistely amang the holtis hair
For to bring him to the King at bidding full bane
Courtesly to the Knicht kneillit the Coilzear
And Schir Rolland him self salust him agane
Syne bad him leif his courtasie, and boun him to ga
He said withoutin letting
Thow mon to Paris to the King Sen I find na ma
Speid the fast in ane ling

¶ In faith said the Coilzear, zit was I neuer sa nyse
Schir Knicht it is na courtasie commounis to scorne
Thair is mony better than I cummis oft to Parys
That the King wait not of, nouther nicht nor morne
For to towsill me or tit me, thocht foull be my clais
Or I be dantit on sic wyse my lyfe salbe lorne
Do way said Schir Rolland, me think thow art not wise
I rid thow at bidding be, be all that we haue sworne
And call thow it na scorning bot do as I the ken
Sen thow hes hard mine Intent
It is the Kingis commandement And I had met sic ten.
At this tyme thow suld haue went

¶ I am bot ane mad man that thow hes heir met
I haue na myster to matche with maisterfull men
Fairand ouir the feildis, Fewell to fet
And oft fylit my feit in mony foull fen
Gangand with laidis my gouerning to get
Thair is mony Carll in the countrie thow may nocht ken,
I sall hald that I haue hecht, bot I be hard set
To Raymond of the Wardrop, I wait full weill quhen

Sathin (quod) I said Rolland it is mine Intend
That nouther he nor ony vther Will
Thow sall behald nor behot till The kingis cõmandment
Quhill I haue vtterit the to fulfill

¶ The Carll beheld to the knicht as he stude than
He bair grauit in Gold and Gowlis in greene
Glitterand full gaylie quhen Glemis began
Ane Tyger ticht to ane tre, ane takin of tene
Trewlie that tenefull was trimland than
Semelie schapin and schroud in that Scheild schene
Mekle worschip of weir worthylie he wan
Befoir into fechting with mony worthie sene
His Basnet was bordourit and burneist bricht
With stanis of Beriall deir
Dyamountis and Saphyir Reulit full richt.
Riche Rubeis in feir

His plaitis properlie picht attour with precious stanis
And his Pulanis full prest of that ilk peir
Greit Graipis of Gold his Greis for the nanis
And his Cussanis cunnie schynand full cleir
Bricht brasaris of steill about his arme banis
Blandit with Beriallis and Cristallis cleir
Ticht ouir with Thopas and trew lufe atanis
The teind of his tewellis to tell war full teir
His Sadill circulit and set richtlie on vlk syde
His brydill bellisand and gay
His steid stout on stray On Ronsy unicht ryde.
He was the Ryallest of array

¶ Of that Ryall array that Rolland vp raid
Raul ruiss in his hart of that Ryall thing
He is the gayest in geir that euer on ground glaid

Haue

Quhen he greit horse gre in his Iornying
War he ane manly man, as he is weill maid
He war full michtie with magre durst abyde his metling
He bad the Coilzear in wraith swyth withoutin baid
Cast the Creillis fra the Capill, and gang to the King
In faith it war greit schame said the Coilzear
I vndertak thay suld be brocht
This day for ocht that be mocht That thow Carpis thair
Schir Knicht that word is for nocht

¶ Thow huifis on thir holtis, and haldis me heir
Quhill half the haill day may the hicht haue
Be Chryst that was Cristinnit, and his Mother cleir
Thow sall catche to the Court that sall not be to craue
It micht be prisit preiudice, bot gif thow suld compeir
To se quhat granting of grace the King wald the gaif
For na gold on this ground wald I bot weir
Be fundin fals to the King, sa Chryst me saue
To gar the cum and be knawin as I am command
I wait not quhat his willis be
Nor he namit na mair sche Bot quhome that I fand.
Nor ane vther man to me

¶ Thow fand me sechand nathing that followit to feid
I war ane fule gif I fled, and fand nane affray
Bot as ane lauchfull man my laidis to leid
That leifis with meikle lawtie and laubour in fay
Be the Mother and the Maydin that maid vs remeid
And thow mat me ony mair cum efter quhat sa may
Thow and I sall dyntis deill quhill ane of vs be deid
For the deidis thow hes me done vpon this deir day
Meikle merwell of that word had Schir Rolland
He saw na wappinis thair
That the Coilzear bair And ane rouftie brand.
Bot ane auld Bukkair

¶ It is lyke said Schir Rolland, and lichtly he letith
That sic ane stubill husband man wald stryke stoutly
Thair is mony tolnt man to tuggill is full teuch
Thocht thair wandis be blak and vnburely
Oft fair foullis ar fundin fayne and als fleuch
I defend we fechs or fall in that foly
Lat se how we may dissceuer with sobernes anench
And catche crabitnes away, be Christ counsall I
Quhair winnis that Wymond thow hecht to meit to day
With the Quene tauld he me
And thair I vndertuke to be Withoutin delay
Into Paris Pardie

And I am knawin with the Quene said Schir Rolland
And with mony byndis in hir Bowze, be buikis and bellis
The King is into Paris that sall I warrand
And all his aduertance that in his Court dwellis
Me tharth haue nane noy of myne erand
For me thinis thow will be thair efter as thow tellis
Bot gif I fand the forrow now to keip my cunnand
Schir Knicht said ye Coilzear thow trowis me neirrellis
Bot gif sum suddand let put it of delay
For that I hecht of my will
And na man threit me thair till And sall do quhill I may
That I am haldin to fulfill

¶ Zea sen thow will be thair thy cunnandis to new
I neid none airar myne erand nor none of the day
Be thow traist said the Coilzear, man as I am trew
I will not haist me ane fute faster on the way
Bot gif thow raik out of my renk, full raith sall thow rew
Or be the Rude I sall rais thy Ryall array
Thocht thy body be braissit in that bricht hew
Thow salbe fundin ais febill of thy bone fay

Schir

Schir Rolland said to him self this is bot foly
To striue with him ocht mair
I se weill he will be thair Ye tuke lufesumly.
His leif at the Coilzear

¶ Be Christ said the Coilzear, that war ane foull scorne
That thow suld chaip bot I the knew that is sa schynand
For thow leis my weidis ar auld and all to worne
Thow trowis nathing thir taillis that I am telland
Bring na Beirnis vs by, bot as we war borne
And thir Bloukis that vs beiris thairto I mak ane band
That I sall meit the heir vpon this inure to morne
Gif I be haldin in heill, and thairto my hand
Sen that we haue na laiser at this tyme to ta
In ane thourtour way
Seir gaitis pas thay Thus partit thay twa.
Baith to Paris in fay

The gentill knicht Schir Rolland come rydand full sone
And left the Coilzear to cum, as he had vndertane
And quhen he come to Paris, the hie Wes was done
The king with mony cumly out of the kirk is gane
Of his harnes in hy, he hynt withoutin hone
And in ane Rob him arrayit richest of ane
In that worschipfull weid he went in at none
As he was wont with the wy, that weildit the wane
On sute ferly in feir formest of all
Richt weill payit was the king
Of Schir Rollandis cummyng Efter him gart call.
To speir of his tything

The king in counsall him callit, cū hidder Schir Knicht
Hes thow my bidding done as I the command
In faith said Schir Rolland, I said on full richt

To watche wyſelie the wayis that I ſall warrand
Thair wald na douchtie this day for Joznay be dicht
Fairand our the feildis full few thair I fand
Saif anerly ane man that ſemblit in my ſicht
Thair was na leid on lyfe lent in this land
Quhat kin a fallow was that ane Schir I the pray
Ane man in husband weid
Bushit bustiouſly on hzeid To Paris the way.
Leidand Coillis he zeid

Quhy hes thow not that husband brocht, as I the bad!
I dzeid me ſa he dantit the, thow durſt not with him deill
In faith ſaid Schir Rolland gif that he ſa had
That war full hard to my hart, and I ane man in heill
He ſaw the King was engreuit and gat furth glaid
To ſe gif the Coilzearis lawtie was leill
I ſuld haue maid him in the ſtour to be full hard ſtad
And I had wittin that the Carll wald away ſteill
Bo I trowit not the day that he wald me beget
As he went our wart bayne
He met ane Porter ſwayne Fall fra the zet.
Cummand vaith him agayne

Quhair gangis thow Gedling thir gaitis ſa gane?
Be God ſaid the Grome, ane gift heir I geit
I deuiſe at the zet, thair is ane allane
Bot he be ſattin in belue, him lykis not to leif
With ane Capill and twa Creillis callin on the plane
To cum to this Police he pzeiſſis to pzeif
Gif thow bes fundin that Freik in faith I am fane
Lat him in glaidly, it may not engreif
Bot alwis he cirtéſtly efter ony man
Than ſaid that Gedling on ground
Ze forſuth in this ſtound Ay all that he cam.
Efter ane Wynnound

¶ Pas agane Porter, and lat him swyth in
Amang the proudest in preis plesand in pane
Say thow art not worthy to Wymond to win
Bid him seik him his self, gif thair be sic ane
Agane gangis Schir Rolland, quhair gle suld begin
And the zaip zeman to the zet is gane
Enbraisit the bandis belive or that he wald blin
Syne leit the wy at his will wend in the wane
Gang seik him now thy self he saud vpon hicht
Wy self hes na lasair
Fra thir zettis to fair I set that bot licht.
Be Chryst said the Coilzear

¶ Gif thow will not seik him, my awin self sall
For I haue oft tymes swet in seruice full sair
Tak keip to my Capill that na man him rall
Quhill I cum fra the Court said the Coilzear
Wy laid war I laith to lois, I leif the heir all
Se that thow leis thame not; bot zeme thame full zair
In that hardy in hy, he haikit to that hall
For to wit gif Wymondis wynning was thair
He arguit with the Ischar ofter than anis
Schir can thow ocht say
Quhair is Wymond the day Out of this wanis.
I pray the bring him gif thow may

He trowit that the wy had wittin of Wymond he wend
Bot to his raisand word he gaue na reward
Thair was na man thairin that his name kend
Thay countit not the Coilzear almaist at regaird
He saw thair was na meikles nor meiure micht mend
He sped him in spedely and nane of thame he spaird
Thair was na tyue of thay Freikis, yat micht him karth
He socht in sa sadly, quhill sum of thame he saird (fand

Hé thrist in thow thame thraly with threttis
Quhen he come amang thame all
Ane was the King in the hall Wingane to the meit.
And mony gude man with all

¶ Thocht he had socht sic ane sicht all this seuin zeir
Sa solempnit ane semblie had he not sene
The hall was properly appectellit and paintit but peir
Dyamountis full dantely dentit betwene
It was semely set on ilk syde seir
Gowlis glitterand full gay glemand in grene
Flowris with Flourdelycis formest in feir
With mony flamand ferly ma than fyftene
The rufe reulit about in reuall of Reid
Rois reulit Ryally
Columbyn and Lely Into riche steid.
Thair was ane hailsum harbery

¶ With Dosouris to the duris dicht quha sa wald deme
With all diuers danteis dicht dantely
Circulit with siluer semely to sene
Selcouthly in seir he was set suttelly
Blyth byrdis abufe, and bestiall full bene
Fyne foullis in Fyrth, and Fischis with fry
The flure carpit and cled and couerit full clene.
Cummand fra the Cornellis closand quemely
Bricht Bancouris about browdin our all
Greit Squechonis on bicht
Anamalit and weill dicht Endlang the hall.
Reulit at all richt

¶ Heir is Ryaltie said Rauf, aneuch for the nanis
With all nobilnes anournit, and that is na nay
Had I of Wymond ane word, I wald of thir wanis

Fra

Fra thir wyis I wis, to went on my way
Bot I mon zit heir mair quhat wonthis of him anis
And eirnestly efter him haue myne Ey
He thristit in throw threttie all atanis
Quhair mony douchtie of deid war Joynit that day
For he was vnburely on bak thay him hynt
As he gat ben throw
He gat mony greit schow And laithfor to stynt.
Bot he was stalwart I trow

The thristit in throw thame, and thraly can thring
Fast to the formest he foundit in feir
Sone besyde him he gat ane sicht of the Nobill King
Zone is wormond I wait it worthis na weir
I ken him weill thocht he be cled in vther clething
In clais of clene gold kyrtiand zone cleir
Quhen he harbreit with me be half as he is heir
In faith he is of mair stait than euer he me tald
Allace that I was hidder wylit
I dreid me sair I be begylit Quhen he saw that bald.
The King preuilie smylit

Thair was seruit in that saill Seigis semelie
Mony Senzeorabill Syze on ilk syde seir
With ane cairfuil countenance the Coilzear kest his E
To the cumly Quene courtes and cleir
Dame of thy glitterand gyde haue I na gle
Be the gracious God that bocht vs sa deir
To ken Kingis Courtasie, the Deuill come to me
And sa I hope I may say or I chaip heir
Wicht I chaip of this chance, that changes my cheir
Thair suld na man be sa wyse
To gar me cum to Parise In faith this seuin zeir.
To lufe quhair the King lyis

¶ Quhen wezthie had weschin, and fra the buirdis went;
Thay war foz wonderit I wis of thair wyse Lozd
The king fell in carping, and tauld his Intent
To mony gracious Gzome he maid his recozd
How the busteous Beirne met him on the bent
And how the frostis war sa fell, and sa strait fozd
Than the Coilzear quoke as he had bene, schent
Quhen he hard the suith say how he the king schozd
Greit God gif I war now and thy self with all
Upon the mure quhair we met
Baith all suddandly set Sa gude in thy hall.
Oz ony knicht that thow may get

¶ Thir Lozdis leuch vpon loft, and lystinit to the king
How he was iudgeit and led, and set at sa licht
Than the curagious knichtis bad haue him to hing
Foz he hes seruit that thay said be our sicht
God sozbot he said my thank war sic thing
To him that succourit my lyfe in sa euill ane nicht
Him semis ane stalwart man and stout in strykking
That Carll foz his Courtasie salbe maid knicht
I hald the counsall full euill that Cristin man slais
Foz I had myster to haue ma
And not to distroy tha To fecht on Goddis fais.
Tha war wozthre to ga

¶ Befoir mony wozthie he dubbit him knicht
Dukis and digne Lozdis in that deir hall
Schir se foz thy self, thow semis to be wicht
Tak keip to this ozdour, ane knicht I the call
To mak the manly man I mak the of micht
Ilk zeir thze hundzeth pund assigne the I sall
And als the nixt vacant be reasonabill richt
That hapnis in France, quhair sa euer it fall

Fozsaitour

Fornent of the wattr, that first cummis to hand
I gif the heir heritabilly
Sa that I heir quhen I haue hy With Birny & brand.
That thow be fundin reddy

¶ It war my will worthy, thy schone that thow wan
And went with thir weryouris wythest in weir
Heir ar curagious knichtis, suppois thay the nocht ken
For thy simpill degre that thow art in heir
I beseik God of his grace to mak the ane gude man
And I sall gif the to begin glitterand geir
Ane Chalmer with Armour the king gart richt than
Beraucht to ane Squyar, and maid him keipeir
With cleis Armouris of steill for that stout kniche
Sertie Squyaris of fee
Of kis retinew to be Schir Rauf gat that nicht.
That was ane fair cumpany

¶ Upon the morne airly Schir Rauf wald not rest
Bot in Ryall array he reddyit him to ryde
For to hald that I haue hecht I hope it be the best
To zone busteous Beirnis that bostit me to byde
Amang thir Galzart Gromis I am bot ane Gest
I will the ganandest gait to that gay glyde
Sall ffeller Lord lauch on loft quhill my lyfe may lest
That I for liddernes fuld leik, and leuand besyde
It war ane graceles gude that I war cummin to
Gif that the King hard on hicht
That he had maid ane carll knicht And docht nocht to do
Amang thir weryouris wicht

¶ Upon ane rude Runsy he ruschit out of toun
In ane Ryall array he rydis full richt
Quill to the Montane he maid him full boun

Quhair he had tryſtit to meit Schir Rolland the kene
Derely ouir Dailing diſcouerand the doun
Gif ony douchtie that day for Jornayis was dicht
He band his blonk to ane buſk on the bent broun
Syne raid be the bair way to hald that he had hecht
Quhill it was neir time of the Day that he had chair bene
He luikit ane lytill him fra
He ſaw cumand in thra That euer he had ſene.
The maiſt man of all tha

¶ Ane Knicht on ane Cameill come cantly at hand
With ane curagious countenance and cruell to ſe
He ſemit baldly to abyde with Wirny and with brand
His blonk was vnburely, braid and ouir hie
Schir Rauf reddyit him ſone, and come tydand
And in the rowme of ane renk in ſewtir reſt he
He ſemit ſer fellonar than firſt quhen he him fand
He foundis throw his forcenes gif hemicht him ſe
He ſtraik the ſteid with the ſpurris he ſpent on the bent
Sa hard ane cours maid thay
That baith thair horſ deid lay Abuſe thair heid ſpeir
Thair ſpeiris in ſplenders away

¶ Thus war thay for thair forcynes left ourfute baith
Thay ſture hors at that ſtraik ſtrikin deid lay than
Thir riche reſtles renkis riſchit out full raith
Cleikit out twa ſwerdis and togidder ran
Reſt thame with gude will to do vther ſkaith
Bait ou thair baſnetis thay Beirnis of thay blan
Haſtely hewit thay togidder, to leif thay war laith
To tyne the worſchip of weir that thay air wan
Na for dout of vincuſſing thay went nocht away
Thus vther vther can aſſaill
With ſwordis of mettaill Ane hour of the day.
Thay maid ane lang battaill ¶ Thay

¶ Thay hard harneſt men thay hewit on in haiſt
Thay wourbit heup with heid and angerit with all
Quhill thay had maid thame ſa mait thay failze almaiſt
Sa laith thay war on ather part to lat thair price fall
The riche reſties men out of the renk paſt
Forwrocht with thair waponis, and euill rent with all
Thair was na girth on the groſid, quhill ane gaif ye gaif
Zarne efter zeilding, on ilk ſyde thay call
Schir Rauf caucht to cule him, and tak mair of the licht
He keſt vp his Veſeir
With ane Cheualrous cheir Ane vther kene Knicht
Sa ſaw he cummand full neir

¶ Now be the Rude ſaid Schir Rauf, I repreif the
Thow hes vrokin conditioun, thow hes not done richt
Thow hecht na bakheir to bring, bot anerly we
Thairto I tuik thy hand, as thow was trew Knicht
On loud ſaid the Sarazine, I heir the now lie
Befoir the ſame day I ſaw the neuer with ſicht
Now ſall thow think it richt ſone, thow hes met with me
Gif Mahoun or Termagant may mantene my micht
Schir Rauf was blyth of yat word & blenkit with his face
Thow ſayis thow art ane Sarazine
Now thankit be Dzichtine Undeid in this place.
That ane of vs ſall neuer hine

¶ Than ſaid the Sarazine to Schir Rauf ſuccudzeuſly
I haue na lyking to lyfe to lat the with lufe
He gaue ane braid with his brand to the Beirne by
Till the blude of his browis breſt out abufe
The kene Knicht in that ſteid ſtakkerit ſturely
The lenth of ane rude braid he gart him remufe
Schir Rauf ruſchit vp agane, and hit him in hy
Thay preis furth properly thair pithis to prufe

Ilk ane a schort knyfe braidit out fone
In stour stiffy thay stand
with twa knyfis in hand As thay had neir done.
with that come Schir Rolland

The gentill Knicht Schir Rolland come rydand ful richt
And ruschit fra his Ronsy, and ran thame betwene
He sayis thow art ane Sarazine I se be my sicht
For to confound our Cristin men that counteris sa kene
Tell me thy name tyte, thow trauelland Knicht
Fy on thy feichting fell hes thow bene
Thow art stout and strang, and stalwart in fecht
Sa is thy fallow in faith, and that is weill sene
In Chryst and thow will trow thow takis nane outray
Forsuith the Sarazine said
Thy self maid me neuer sa affraid Na not sall to day,
That I for souerance wald haue prayd

Chrefe me not with zour boist, bot mak zow baith boun
Batteris on baldly the best I zow pray
Na said Schir Rolland that war na resoun
I trow in the meikle God, that maist of michtis may
The tane is in power to mak that presoun
For that war na wassalage sum men wald say
I rad that thow hartfully forsaik thy Mahoun
Fy on that foull Feind for fals is thy fay
Becum Cristin Schir knicht, and on Chryst call
It is my will thow conuert
This wretchit warld is bot ane start That maker is of all
And haue him haiely in hart

Schir Rolland I rek nocht of thy Rauingis
Thow dois bot reuerence to thame that rekkis it nocht
Thow slaine hes oft thy self of my Counsingis

Soudanis

Soudanis and ſib men that the wirk ſchame wirk
Now faindis to haue fauour with thy fleichingis
Now haue I ferlie gif I fauour the ocht
We ſall ſpuilze zow diſpittouſly at the nirt ſpringis
Mak zow biggingis full bair bodwozd haue I brocht
Chace Charlis zour King fer out of France
Fra the Chane of Tartarie
At him this meſſage waꝫd I be Withoutin pleſance
To tell him as I haue tauld the

Tyte tell me thy name it ſeruis of nocht
Ze Sarazeins ar ſuccuderus and ſelf willit ay
Sall neuer of ſa ſour ane brandane bricht fyze be brocht
The Feynd is ſa fellown als fer as he may
Sa thriue I ſaid the Sarazine to threip is my thocht
Quha waitis the Criſtin with cair my cuſingis ar thay
My name is Magog in will and I mocht
To ding thame doun dourly that euer war in my way
For thy my waryloun is full gude at hame quhair I dwel
In faith ſaid Schir Rolland
That is full euill wyn land Sine at thine end hell.
To haue quhill thow ar leuand

Ewald thow conuert the in hy, and couer the of ſin
Thow ſuld haue mair profite and mekle pardoun
Riche Douchereis ſeir to be ſeſit in
During quhill day dawis, that neuer will gang doun
Wed ane worthie to wyfe, and weild hir with win
Ane of the riche of our Realme be that reſſoun
The gentill Duches Dame Jane that clamis be hir kin
Angeos and vther landis with mony riche toun
Thus may thow and thow will wirk the beſt wiſe
I do the out of diſpair
In all France is nane ſa fair To twa Douchereis,
As ſche is appeirand air

Cry and worke of thy riches, Schir Rolland the Knicht
Said the rude Sarazine in Ryall array
Thy God nor thy Grassum set I bot licht
Bot gif thy God be sa gude as I heir the say
I will forsaik Mahoun, and tak me to his micht
Euer mair perpetualie as he that mair may
Heir with hart and gude will my treuth I the plicht
That I sall leilely leif on thy Lord ay
And I beseik him of grace and askis him mercy
And Christ his Sone full schene
For I haue Christin men sene Full oft on him cry
That in mony angeris hes bene

¶ I thank God said Rolland that word lykis me
And Christ his sweit Sone, that the that grace send
Thay swoir on thair swordis swyftlie all thre
And conseruit thame freindis to thair lyfis end
Euer in all trauell to leif and to die
Thay knichtis carpit to ye court, as Christ had yame kend
The King for thair cumming maid game and gle
With mony mirthfull man thair miethis to mend
Digne Bischoppis that day, that douchtie gart bring
And gaue him Sacramentis seir
And callit him Schir Gawteir He weddit with aue ring
And sine the Duches cleir

¶ Than Schir Raul gat rewaird to keip his Knichtheid
Sic tythingis come to the king within thay nyne nicht
That the Marschell of France was newlingis deid
Richt thair with the counsall of mony kene Knicht
He thocht him richt worthie to byde in his steid
For to weild that worschip worthie and wicht
His wyfe wald he nocht forzet for dout of Goddis feid
He sand efter that hende to leif thame in richt

Syne

Syne foundit ane fair place quhair he micht ly
Euer mair perpetually
In the Name of Sanct July Sald hane
That all that wantis harbery

FINIS.

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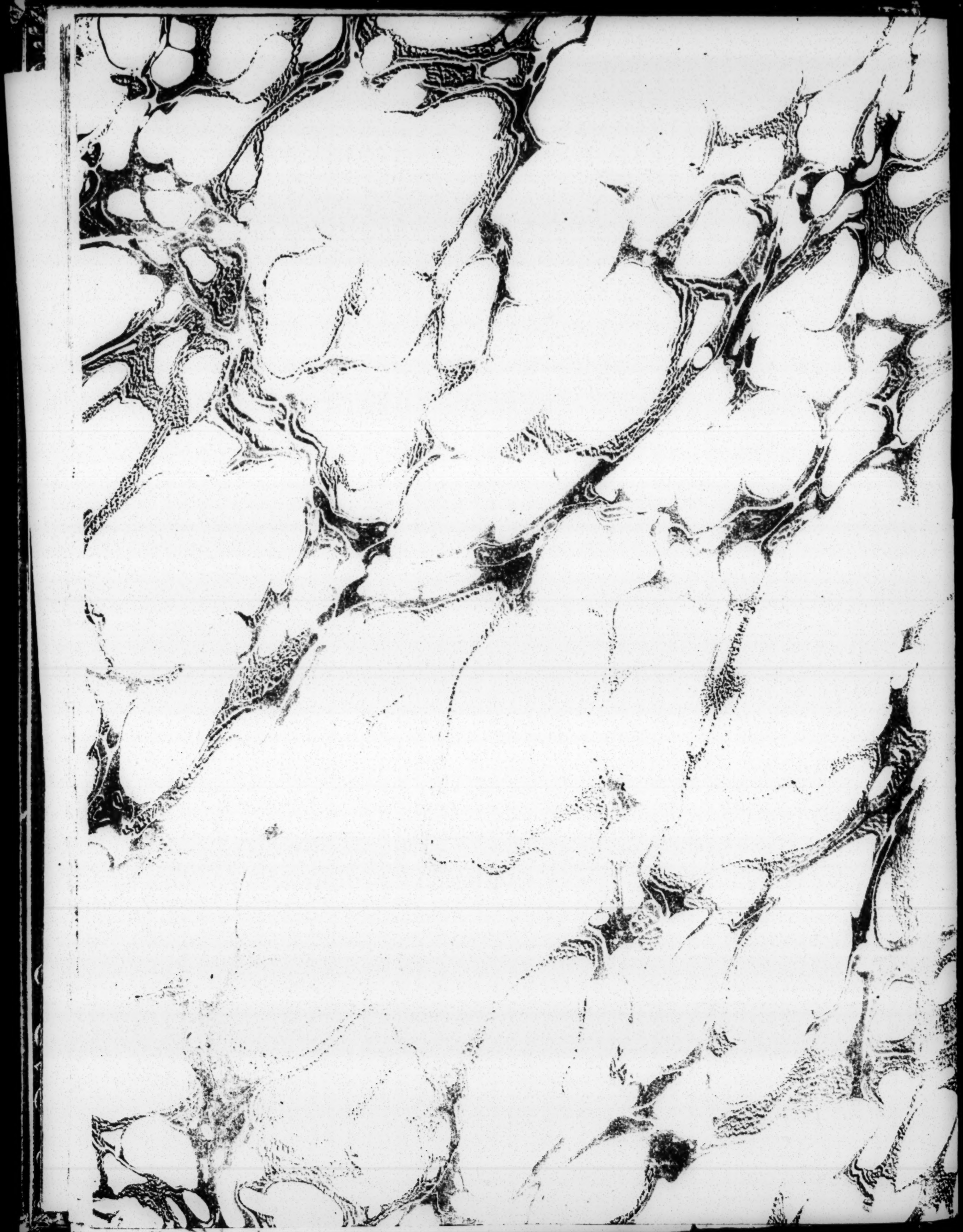
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